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A LONG LOST POINT IN HISTORY.



AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

UTICA, N. Y.,

BY L. W. LEDYARD, ESQ.,

OF CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

JANUARY 9, 1883.

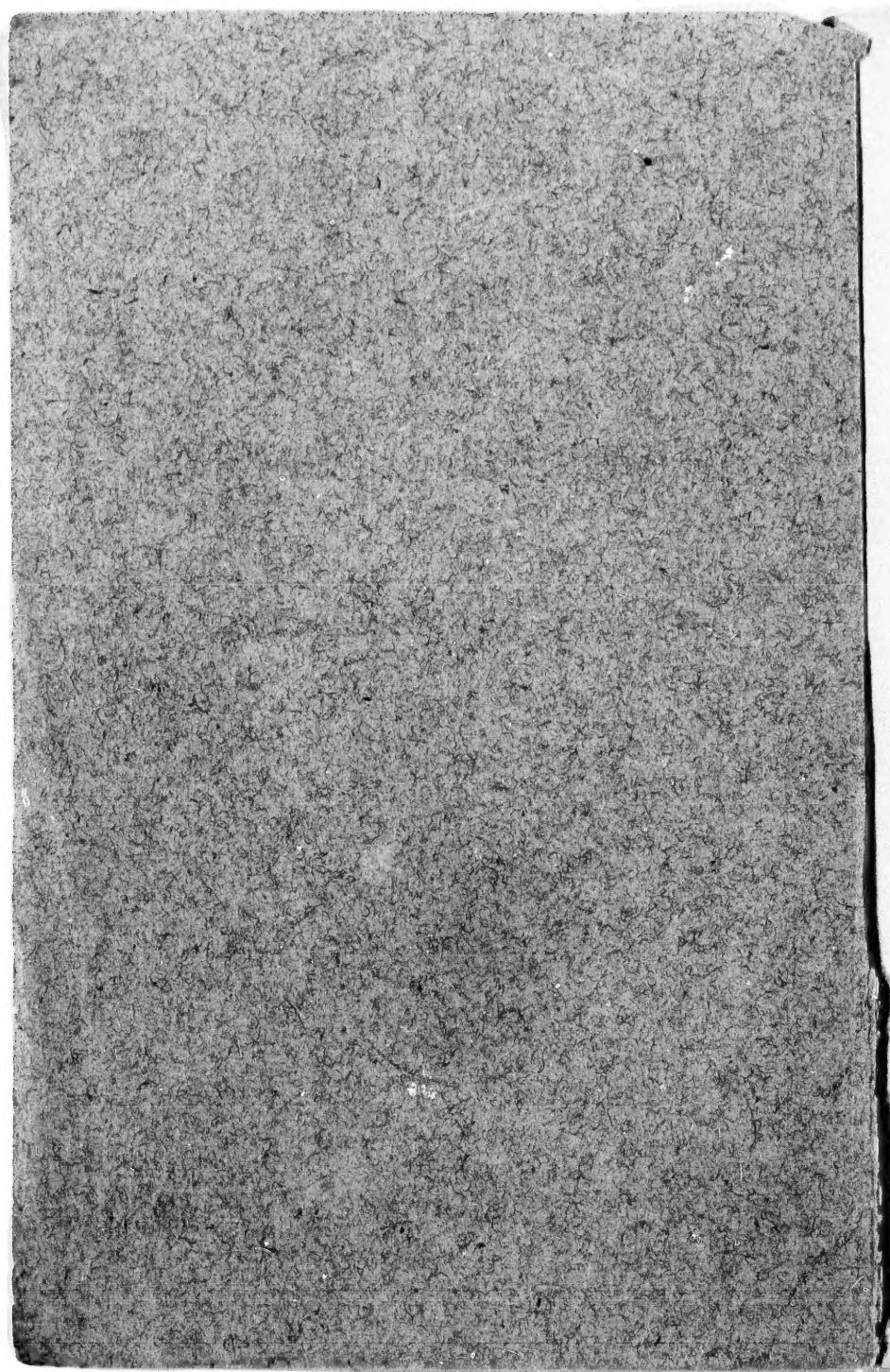


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A LONG LOST POINT IN HISTORY.

How few of the denizens of this busy city, hastening on after the manner of our times, give a passing thought to the past of this land now so fair. Looking over the broad valley that the Mohawk has worn away in geological periods, and later filled and made fertile with the rich soils stolen from the hills and borne silently year after year to the lowland, it is not easy to realize that it was ever other than the fair scene it now offers to charm and interest the thoughtful observer. Charming indeed, with broad play of light and shadow falling here upon a bit of woodland, there upon golden grain; with deep ravines hiding lovely nooks where alone ferns and mosses with their graceful forest kind live on when driven from the lands they once made beautiful; with bold high hills making one beyond another, sky lines of wondrous beauty; and with now and then a glimpse of water that in turn steals for itself the beauties of the overhanging forest, and the tints of the azure, or the golden sunset sky. Interesting indeed, with the whirl and beat of human progress; as seen in the white plumed train, the towering factory, and the many evidences that eager, restless hands are busy, changing, moulding, perchance improving, the valley and surrounding slopes

All this fills the mind; through so vivid a present the past is seen but dimly if at all, yet in the developments through which we may trace the story of human changes, few lands present so much to startle the student, could he dream that the past was a lesson to be repeated in the future.

If we could bring ourselves to imagine that all our surroundings, our race, our homes, and our inherited customs, were to be swept away like shadows, in hardly more than a lifetime, all to be replaced by men of strange and unknown traits, possessing powers to us undreamed of, we would not more than realize the simple story of the white invasion of America. Yet here this magical result has followed the occupation of our race as it has flowed in like a tide; full of the vigor, power and intelligence that are our inheritance from generations of bold, adventurous, skillful men, and this tide has been so widely and overwhelmingly superior in

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customs, ideas and aims, to the original occupant of the land, that mingling was impossible. No progress or elevation could so change the American Indian as to enable him to act with the new and impatient race; so despite muscles like steel, the vigor and endurance of animals, and the undaunted courage of warrior blood, they have gone before the man of broader brain and his works, like autumn leaves before a gale, until almost as a winter's snow gives place to the spring verdure, has all the face of nature about us yielded to the white man's changing hand.

The story of a century here in Central New York, is the history from the pioneer to the finished city; back of that where are we, and how in our minds shall we picture the scenes now so familiar and attractive? Our lakes were then the mirrors of a wild beauty, surrounded by a forest primeval.

But where are the hearts that beneath it,
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
The voice of the huntsman?

Where indeed? Linger here and there by little pits, slightly sunken amid gnarled roots, that long have interlaced since with rude stone tools, groups of dusky figures have given back to earth one by one their numbers, and there marked only by a little brighter green, or a growth slightly varied from the woodland carpet, they rest, pressed by feet of a race by them unknown and unimagined.

Looking again in retrospect, we find little to claim as known with certainty, and from signs that many pass unheeded, and from vague traditions alone, are we left to unravel from the past, slight threads of history. Comparative ethnology is collecting a vast array of information bearing upon the earlier races of America, but the chief results are the undermining of old theories, while no structures that bid fair to endure are built as yet from the disturbed material.

In the so called old world, there were many centuries in each of the retrograde aspects of civilization. Going backward from what we may now term the electric age, electric in mental as well as material character, we find the steel, the iron, and the bronze ages, all more or less fully included in the realms of written history, and surrounded by as much of certainty as may be attested by the pens of periods full of ignorance, superstition and prejudice; but beyond them, in regarding the ages of bone, flint and stone, we pass to unrecorded times, and are left to the resources

of speculation, aided by such knowledge as may be brought to bear from a study of the races now in their rude periods of flint and stone.

In America, the European invader of the iron age, came face to face with a people still in the stone age; a period so far hidden in the European past as to be considered only in the studies of archæologists, when aroused by such discoveries as those of the Swiss Lakes, the Bone Caves, and the Rhone Gravel Beds; and not only are we called upon to regard the meeting of varied races, but the simultaneous existence of two conditions of human progress, so different, that when regarded in the light of the changes developed in producing the civilization of Europe, they are seen to represent the forward impulse that has required many centuries, or more probably, some thousands of years, in reaching the era that came with the adventurous Frenchman, the stubborn Puritan, and the treasure-seeking Spaniard.

Knowing that our race has evolved the steam giant from the spark accidentally produced from two flints, or from the hint of friction in chaffing branches; the steamship from perchance a floating leaf; the column-surrounded temple from the tree stem, the gothic cathedral from its branches; a ball dress from the simple decoration of a goat skin; ceramics, with a K, from a river worn stone; the telegraph and electric light from early but perilous experiments with a cat's back; and all our myriad multiplicity of never to be satisfied needs, from a few simple animal requirements, we cannot refrain from speculating as to how far the native Indian if he had possessed this wonderful continent undisturbed, would have progressed. As ages passed would his eye have become thoughtful, his brow broadened, and his hand trained to new and complex acts?

He knew the use of fire, he cooked his food with hot stones, and burned rude pottery, that is found in such abundant fragments as to suggest the existence of a pre historic domestic of the tribe that make, but do not speak, broken China.

His implements were of flint, stone and bone, possibly but not probably of copper. Bronze and iron, the first sources of new powers he had not achieved, yet he constructed a canoe of such beauty and perfection, that grace and swiftness are associated with the name; he cut away with fire, and his stone axe the forest, and with shells and sticks hardened in fire, made plantations of corn, and considerable earthworks.

His mind had formed a religion of marked and encouraging promise; in tale, legend, tradition and allegory, facts and fancies were deftly woven. But it will never be known how far the usual onward steps would have been taken by the red man, had the mariner's compass never guided a new civilization to overwhelm him with the forces wrested from nature by brain power.

We cannot tell whether he would have hunted on under the universal woodland, and camped by rivers free from new impulses; or whether in time he would have found the metals under the forest mosses; have set to work the wind sighing in the pine tops, the stream bubbling in the fern-clad ravine, and the tide in its ebb and flow,—if the mill would have replaced the stone pestle; the wheel and axle the weary back, not of his noble self, but of his squaw; the roadway have followed the forest trail, and broad fields have been opened to the summer sun.

As far as recent impressions are founded on wide investigation they do not encourage the belief that the Indian found in the eastern part of the North was progressive, but rather lead to the opinion that a more advanced race had preceded him, especially in the section west of us. In the western part of our State the remains of the Mound Building races commence, and are continuously followed, with few marked breaks in the chain, to the remarkable mounds and teocalli of Mexico and Central Africa. These were evidently built with more and more skill and labor as they near the South,—sod banks are replaced by rough stone, rough stone by cut stones of massive form, and they assume more and more size and mechanical perfection. It is suggested that they were made by a race moving slowly along their course, either southwestward with increasing skill, wealth and power, or the reverse, with diminished numbers and lessened capacity to concentrate labor.

There are other indications that a race more like the Eskimo, with similar use of bones, stone and flint, were earlier occupants of the section between the lower lakes and the coast, and that they retreated northward, perhaps following the changes of climate that are evidenced by unmistakable marks on all the rocky summits about us; but more must be woven from threads traced here and there, some strong, others slender, before we can say any positive words of the men who in human strata underlaid race by race the red man found in undisputed occupation of our hills and valleys.

But we are wandering away from the "lost point in history," that it has been the main purpose of this paper to consider. It is the long in-doubt location of the Indian encampment and fort that was the objective point in the expedition of the French invader Champlain, in 1615, two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the earliest recorded event of Central New York, being six years after the attempt of the same explorer to follow the water ways of Lake Champlain, and five years before the landing on Plymouth Rock.

From a careful translation of Champlain's Journal, published in volume three of the Documentary History of New York, we will read the parts describing in his own words his disastrous and adventurous expedition into a vast and unknown woodland, filled with savages of courageous character. The time at which his narrative is here taken up, was in September, 1615. His army consisted of Northern Indians and a few French Arquebuseiers, with their clumsy weapons, (which were, however, very alarming, and sometimes effective in the contests in which arrows and stones were the other means of attack and defence;) and they were among the islands at the east end of Lake Ontario. His story of their progress, is as follows:

"We continued along the border of the Lake of the Entouhonons, always hunting; being there, we crossed over at one of the extremities, tending eastward, which is the beginning of the River St. Lawrence, in the parallel of forty-three degrees of latitude. There are some beautiful and very large islands in this passage. We made about fourteen leagues, (fifty-six miles,) to cross to the other side of the Lake, proceeding southward, toward the enemy's country. The Indians concealed all their canoes in the woods near the bank. We travelled by land about four leagues over a grassy plain, where I observed a very pleasing and fine country, watered by numerous small streams, and two little rivers which empty into said Lake, and a number of ponds and prairies, where there was an infinite quantity of game, a great many vines and fine trees, vast numbers of chestnuts, the fruit of which was yet in the shell. It is quite small but well flavored.

"All the canoes being thus concealed, we left the bank of the Lake, which is eighty leagues long and twenty-five wide. It is inhabited for the greater part by savages, along the sides of the streams, and we continued our journey overland some twenty-five or thirty leagues. In the course of four days we traversed a number of streams and one river issuing from a lake which empties

into that of the Entouhonorons. This Lake is twenty-five to thirty leagues in circumference, with many beautiful islands, and is the Iroquois fishing ground, fish being in abundance there.

"The 9th of October, our Indians going out scouting, encountered eleven savages, whom they took prisoners ; to wit, four women, three boys, one girl, and three men, who were going fishing, four leagues distant from the enemy's fort. Now it is to be noted that one of the Chiefs seeing these prisoners, cut the finger off one of those poor women, as the commencement of their usual tortures. Whereupon I interfered, and censured the Iroquois captain, representing to him that a warrior, as he called himself, was not in the habit of acting cruelly towards women, who have no defence but their tears, and who, by reason of their helplessness and feebleness, ought to be treated with humanity. That on the contrary, this act would be supposed to proceed from a vile and brutal courage, and that if he committed any more of those cruelties, he would not encourage me to assist them, nor to favor their war. Whereupon he replied that their enemies treated them in the same manner. But since such customs displeased me, he would not act so any more to women, but exclusively to men,

"Next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived before the enemy's fort, where the savages had some skirmishes, the one against the other, though it was not our design to discover ourselves until the morrow ; but the impatience of our savages would not brook this, as well through the desire they felt to see us fire on their enemies, as to liberate some of their men who had ventured too far. Then I advanced and presented myself, but with the few men I had ; nevertheless, I showed them what they had never saw nor heard before, for as soon as they saw us, and heard the reports of the arquebuses, and the balls whistling about their ears, they retired promptly within their fort, carrying off their wounded and dead ; and we retreated in like manner to our main body, with five or six of our wounded, one of whom died.

"This being done, we retired within gun-shot, beyond the view of the enemy, contrary, however, to my advice, and to what they had promised me, which moved me to make use of and express to them pretty rude and angry words, in order to incite them to their duty foreseeing, that if everything went according to their fantasy, and counsel, nothing but misfortune would result, to their ruin and destruction. Nevertheless, I failed not to send to them and to propose means necessary to be used to overcome their

enemies ; which was, to construct a movable tower of timber to overlook their pickets, whereupon I should perch four or five of our arquebussiers, who would fire over the palisades and galleries, which were well supplied with stones, and by this means, the enemy, who annoyed us from their galleries, would be dislodged ; and in the meantime, we should give orders for some boards to form a species of parapet to cover and protect our men from the arrows and stones.

"These things, namely, the tower and parapets, could be moved by main force ; and one was made in such a way that water could not extinguish the fire to be applied to the front of the fort ; and those on the tower could do their duty with some arquebussiers posted there, and thus acting, we should so defend ourselves that they could not approach to extinguish the fire, that we should apply to their pickets. Approving this, they began next morning to construct and prepare said tower and parapets ; and made such progress that these were finished in less than four hours.

"They were expecting the arrival this day of the five hundred men that had been promised, which was, however, doubtful ; not being at the rendezvous, as directed, and as they had promised, our savages were much afflicted. But seeing that they were numerous enough to capture the forts, and for my part, considering delay to be always prejudicial, at least in most cases, I urged them to attack said fort, representing that the enemy, discovering their strength and the effect of our arms, which pierced what was arrow-proof, would barricade and shelter themselves, which indeed, they did very well, for their village was enclosed with strong quadruple palisades of large timber, thirty feet high, interlocked the one with the other, with an interval of not more than half a foot between them ; with galleries in the form of parapets, defended with double pieces of timber, proof against our arquebuses, and on one side they had a pond with a never failing supply of water, from which proceeded a number of gutters which they had laid along the intermediate space, throwing the water without, and rendered it effectual inside, for the purpose of extinguishing fire.

"Such was their mode of fortification and defence, which was much stronger than the villages of the Hurons, and others.

"We advanced then to attack the village ; causing our tower to be carried by two hundred of our strongest men, they placed it within a pike's length in front and I posted on it four arquebussiers, all sheltered from any arrows and stones that might have

been shot at them. Nevertheless, the enemy did not, for all that, cease discharging and throwing a great number of arrows and stones over their pickets, but the multitude of arquebus shots that were fired, constrained them to vacate and abandon their galleries.

"But according as the tower was moved, instead of bringing the parapets as ordered, and that on which we were to have placed the fire, they abandoned them and commenced to yell against their enemies, shooting arrows within the fort, which, in my opinion, did not do much execution. They are very excusable, for they are not soldiers, and are moreover averse to discipline or correction, and do only what they like. Wherefore, one inconsiderately applied the fire to the wrong side of the fort, or to leeward, so that it produced no effect. On the fire being kindled, the most of the savages began to set wood against the pickets, but in such small quantities that the fire did not much good. The disorder that supervened, was in consequence so great that it was impossible to hear. In vain I cried to them and remonstrated as well as I was able against the imminent danger to which they exposed themselves by their stupidity. They heard nothing in consequence of the violent noise they made. Seeing that by shouting I was only splitting my skull, and that my remonstrances were in vain, and that this disorder was irremediable, I resolved to do what was in my power with my men, and fire on those we could discover or perceive, yet the enemy profited by our disorder. They went to the water and discharged it in such abundance, that rivers, it may be said, spouted from their gutters, so that the fire was extinguished in less than no time, and they continued to pour arrows on us like hail. Those on the tower killed and wounded a great many.

"This engagement lasted about three hours. Two of our chiefs and leaders were wounded; to wit, one called Ochateguain, the other Orani, and about fifteen individuals besides. The rest seeing their folks and some of their chiefs wounded, began to talk of retreating, without fighting any more, expecting the five hundred men, whose arrival was not far off; and so they withdrew, having accomplished nothing save this disorderly splutter. However, the chiefs have no absolute control of their companions, who follow their whim, and act their pleasure, which is the cause of their disorder and ruins all their affairs. In having taken a resolution, any poor devil can make them violate it and change their plan. Thus, the one with the other, they effect nothing, as may be seen by this expedition.

"Having received two wounds from arrows, one in the leg and the other in the knee, which sorely incommoded me, we withdrew into our fort. Being all assembled there, I remonstrated with them several times on account of the disorder that had occurred. But all my talk was vain; they said many of their men had been wounded and I also, and that it would be very inconvenient and fatiguing to carry them, on the retreat; that there was no means of returning again to the enemy as I had proposed to them; but that they would willingly wait four days more for the five hundred men that were expected, on whose arrival they would renew the effort against the enemy, and execute what I had told them better than they had already done. It was necessary to stop there, to my great regret.

"Next day blew a very strong and violent wind, which lasted two days, particularly favorable for setting the enemy's fort in a blaze, which I strongly urged on them. But fearing a failure, and moreover representing themselves as wounded, they would not do anything.

"We remained encamped until the 16th of the month. Several skirmishes occurred during that time between the enemy and our people, who became oftenest engaged with them rather by their imprudence than through want of courage; and I can assure you, that every time they made a charge, we were obliged to extricate them from the difficulty, not being able to extricate ourselves except through the help of our arquebuses, which the enemy dreaded and greatly feared. For as soon as they perceived one of our arquebussiers, they immediately retreated, telling us by way of persuasion not to meddle with their fights, and that their enemies had very little courage to require our assistance; with many other such like discourses.

"Seeing that the five hundred men were not coming, they proposed to depart and retreat at once, and began to make certain litters to convey their wounded, who are put in them, tumbled in a heap, doubled and strapped in such a way that it is impossible to stir; less than an infant in its swaddling clothes; not without considerable pain, as I can certify, having been carried several days on the back of one of our Indians, thus tied and bound, so that I lost all patience. As soon as I had strength to bear my weight, I got out of this prison, or, to speak plainer, out of hell.

"The enemy pursued us about the distance of half a league, endeavoring to catch some of the rear guard. But their labor was in vain and they retired.

"All I remarked in their wars is, that they retreat in good order ; placing all their wounded and old people in the centre, they being in front, on the wings and in the rear, well armed and arranged in such wise according to order, until they are in a place of safety, without breaking their line. Their retreat was very tedious, being from 25 to 30 leagues, which greatly fatigued the wounded and those who carried them, though they relieved each other from time to time.

"On the 18th of said month, some snow fell, which melted rapidly. It was accompanied by a strong wind, which greatly annoyed us. Nevertheless, we contrived to get to the borders of the Lake of the Entouhonorons and at the place where we had concealed our canoes, which we found safe ; for we feared lest the enemy might have broken them."

Accompanying this narrative was a drawing of the fort, and it represents a very extensive enclosure, peculiarly situated. It was enclosed by a triple row of high palisades, and was surrounded on three sides by water, on the east and west, if the view is drawn as facing north, one brook entering, and the other coming from the Pond (Etang,) which is the boundary of the work on the third or north side. A considerable area is shown as inclosed, occupied by a number of wigwams quite systematically placed in rows. Thus are presented some peculiar features. A slightly raised piece of land with two streams and a pond. The streams not entering the pond and leaving at the opposite end, as is common, but flowing in and out on the same side a few rods apart.

The site of this interesting fort has been the cause of many historical controversies, in which the skill of guarded writers has been enlisted, but no very definite conclusions were reached until General Clark, of Auburn, gave great attention to the research.

Very little difference has been found in the views of various writers in following the path of Champlain and his motley following to Oneida Lake. Crossing the lower end of Lake Ontario, his descriptions of the distances, and of characteristic features of the country, lead very accurately to that lake, where the evidence is made very conclusive by the mention of islands, Oneida being the only one of the lakes of Central New York that has islands.

From this point, Champlain's march of four leagues has been made to carry him to many improbable points, some of them on Canandaigua Lake, sixty miles to the westward ; but at none of the points where it was assumed that the fort was situated, were

the natural features found to correspond to any extent with the peculiar ones of the French engineer's sketch.

General Clark, in following out his investigations, concluded that the fishing ground, where the captives were taken, was the point where the Chittenango Creek enters Oneida Lake, and setting here on a map one point of a compass extended to the scale of four leagues or twelve miles, he drew a circle, and then proceeded to examine all the promising points that it swept over. One of the first points visited, was Cazenovia; the outlet of Lake Owahgena being just under the line of the twelve mile radius, and there being at this place evidences of Indian occupation, but the formation of the land failed to correspond with expectations founded on a reliance on Champlain's exactness as a draughtsman. Foiled here, but not discouraged in his search, Gen. Clark made many inquiries of the writer with regard to Indian grounds, that should be examined. One only gave promise of realizing the requirements, without which no spot would be manifestly the place so eagerly sought, and that also was intersected by the free point of the compass still pivoting on the centre at Oneida Lake. The search was becoming very interesting indeed, and reminded us a little of the astronomer that was sure, from long study, that a planet was to be found in a certain calculated orbit, and we hoped that like him, events would prove these expectations true. Inclement storms and a bitter winter prevented continuing this search; but in the following summer, Gen. Clark came again, and we arranged to meet immediately on the ground to be examined to learn if there was to be a new disappointment, or final success.

The place was one that had long been recognized as a very important one in Indian times, and it was roughly described, and very erroneously, in Schoolcraft's work many years ago. It is east of Perryville, 9 miles northeast of Cazenovia, and near the mile strip Four Corners, on a farm owned by Mr. Nichols. Here the writer formerly excavated for Indian remains with success, and here Mr. Frank H. Cushing, when connected with the Smithsonian, unearthed many rare and interesting relics, which are now in that government collection.

A large part of the area that bears evidence of having been included in the Indian ground, has been cultivated for years, but part remains, with venerable forest trees of great size. Where the plow has been, many bits of crockery and broken stone implements are found; while in the undisturbed ground can be seen

marks where the deeply set palisades decayed, where graves were dug and deep pits indicated that grain was cached or stored.

A good deal of ground has been dug over by relic hunters, who for many years have enriched their cabinets from this abundant source. From high points adjacent, a wide view extends before the eye, one of very unusual extent and beauty, and a watch or alarm fire, lighted on this commanding height, would be seen from near Lake Ontario to the western peaks of the Adirondacks, and similar fires equally remote would be plainly seen from these overlooking points. A small pond, where the ancient water mark was once much higher, is fed by a stream that enters and leaves it on the south, and a low broad knoll lies between these brooks.

Such briefly is a mention of the place where the writer met Gen. Clark, by appointment, to test its features with Champlain's words and illustrations.

The General had reached there the day before, and had already, with his fine engineering skill, made an accurate map, which so fully corresponded, even in minute details, with his preconceived ideas of the site of Champlain's fight, that he arose after a sleepless night of thought, fully satisfied that after two hundred and sixty-two years of concealment, he had brought to light the earliest historic point of Central New York. It was with feelings very deeply stirred, that our party went over this ground, seeing the pond, the two streams, and the low, wide, central ground they surrounded on north, east and west, and even the small rise of ground the old sketch shows beyond the east creek; then traced the palisade line and found beyond its limit many graves, perchance of savages that fell before the first shots fired among these hills, while defending their home. It was strange to realize that probably we were the first to recognize that this was the point where one of the movements was made of the long and bloody series that embraced the struggles of Indians, French, English and Dutch to possess these hills that command to-day the main strategic points of the north.

Not uncontested does Gen. Clark find his views, but they are likely to be fully confirmed. He did not find a place as other explorers did, and bend all the record to it, but he took Champlain's story in the original, made his own severe translations, and with all firmly in his mind, discarded all and every place, without regard to its claims, until here he found a full realization of his faith in a locality that not only fits, but confirms Champlain's long disputed narrative.

So many features of this place meet and coincide with all that comes from authentic sources of information, regarding Champlain's former expeditions, that they cannot be deemed simple coincidences or accidental. The Indian occupation was evidently fully as ancient as the period of his invasion, for the large trees that still occupy part of the place are silent but incontestible witnesses that testify to not less than two centuries of undisturbed growth; and unlike many other Indian works, these are free from any evidences of early communication with trappers or missionaries. There are not found here the beads, medals or Jesuit tokens that are common in places that were occupied when the devoted priests and adventurous traders brought such things to dazzle and tempt the savages, then so eager to meet them and learn the mysteries the whites were masters of.

Indeed, no change or adaptation is called for in Champlain's narrative, or in his sketch of the spot, to fit both to this hill top pond; and although there are many ready pens disputing this long delayed discovery, there is every reason to feel assured that discussion will only eventually confirm the work that connects the story of 1615 with one of our most commanding summits.

As it has been stated, with the exception of water in the form of a lake or pond, no features of Canandaigua or Onondaga Lakes are described that establish for points on their margins any especial claim to represent the form of ground that is shown in Champlain's drawing, and consequently this sketch has been regarded as largely fanciful; but so accurately did the French commander describe the low level borders of Ontario, the sandy plains covered with chestnut trees, and the rivers and ponds lying between his landing place on Ontario and his camp in sight of the beautiful islands, that his observations cannot be regarded lightly. Indeed, so little has before been found to confirm his sketch, that facts have been about even as between the points assumed as the site of the fort, but now this is all changed; for just at the proper distance from his camp by the islands, a large and important Indian work has been found, and when an eye trained in antiquarian research falls upon it, it sees that the palisaded work, if it could be restored from the mould of nearly three centuries, would fit it like hand and glove, even to the small knolls and winding streams.

With Champlain's retreat ended the first French foray. Had their arms gained and maintained so strong a point at that early day, many pages of our history might tell a different tale, and

possibly we might read it all in French, for it was a long contest with nearly even chances that alone determined the French or English domination in the lake country of New York.

The St. Lawrence, the valley of the Mohawk, Oneida and Onondaga Lakes, and the Oswego River have all been frequent war-paths from the unrecorded days when scalps were taken by rival savage warriors, and now it seems that one of the earliest incursions of the present ruling race, was met and defeated on one of our highest and most commanding points, where, long ago, the silent forest crept over the blood-stained grounds, and the autumn leaves of many years fell quietly on the spot, while the same contest was swaying here and there, often on the plain that is overlooked from the points whence Champlain first saw the Indian stronghold.

Here under the renewed forest, the secret lay hidden for two hundred and sixty-two years, at last to be discovered; and the old story is brought from the archives of France to rest on a quiet pond, where herons have stood undisturbed, and none have dreamed that a war cry ever arose in the solitude.

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